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AN

EPISTLE

TO

WILLIAM PITT Esq;

-------Sume ſuperbiam
Quæſitam Meritis. HOR.

LONDON:

Printed for R. DODSLEY at *Tully*'s Head in *Pall-mall*, and Sold by M. COOPER at the *Globe* in *Pater-Row*. 1746.

(Price Six Pence.)

BRITISH COLUMBIA
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AN

EPISTLE

TO

WILLIAM PITT Eſq;

SINCE One there is, who with uncommon Art
Boaſts the fond Friend, but acts the Cenſor's part,
Who blames your Conduct, yet ſo nicely blames,
All have allow'd, he innocently aims:
Bear yet another Friend, whoſe feeble Lays
Much more may injure, while they ſtrive to praiſe.

Bleſt Genius! with each ſhining Talent born,
Whom Letters poliſh, and whom Arts adorn;

Fit, as thy Country calls, with equal Skill
To watch her Dangers, or her Triumphs fill;
Erſt, *Tully*-like, ordain'd to loud Applauſe,
You pleaded Liberty's, and *Britain*'s Cauſe;
Foremoſt in ardent Patriot-Bands you ſtood,
A firm Oppoſer for the Public Good:
Whilſt Pow'r's rude Hand, tho' by Yourſelf diſdain'd,
You felt indignant for an injur'd Land;
This Danger paſt, becalm'd you now declare
A gen'rous Truce, nor wage a needleſs War.
By ſharing Pow'r be now your Candour ſeen;
A private Station wou'd be errant Spleen.
To prove your Juſtice, you muſt Greatneſs bear;
And ſuffer Honours you are doom'd to wear.

When ſome bright Comet firſt in Heav'n appears,
He moves our Wonder, but alarms our Fears.
Yet as he comes, diffuſive Virtues flow,
And Health and Vigour ſpread on all below:
Nations and Worlds the gracious Boon declare,
And the fierce Meteor ſhines a Ruling Star.

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Thus

Thus does thy Soul, to one great Purpoſe true,
Bent to one End, its radiant Courſe purſue;
On ev'ry partial Aim with Scorn look down;
Virtue like yours no Party knows but one:
The gen'ral Weal you urge by various Ways;
Nor yield to leſs than univerſal Praiſe:
To guard, to ſave, the Work's but half compleat;
'Tis yours to ſtrengthen, and to wield the State.

Strange Rule! to nicer Moderns only known,
That Parts and Worth muſt needs avoid the Throne.
Who with unſully'd Honour ſtands confeſt,
For Pow'r's high Truſt, the ableſt and the beſt,
To touch her Shrine fit Saint allow'd before,
But touches only, and is fit no more.
As the bright Maid, who ſought celeſtial Fires,
And in the Inſtant that ſhe meets, expires.

Is then ſuperiour Luſtre but deſign'd
To dazzle only, not to guide Mankind?

Muſt

Muſt Patriots for a Nation's Weal contend,
But drop the Means, when neareſt to the End?
When moſt approv'd, be moſt expos'd to Blame;
Loſt to the Public, or be loſt to Fame?

But boldly Thou thy Sov'reign's Call obey;
To Courts, to Kings new Ornaments diſplay.
Let fainter Worth the Light diſcreetly ſhun;
Yours ſhall, like Diamonds, brighten in the Sun.
Go ſoar, and ſhine in yon reſplendent Sphere;
'Tis ſuch as You alone, that triumph there.
Exalted Merit ſhall for once be own'd,
A Patriot ſtill, tho' in a Palace found.
Yes; 'tis reſerv'd for Your peculiar Fame
To change your Station, and be ſtill the ſame;
'Tis You ſhall dignify a Courtier's Name.

See where glad Armies wide their Wings extend,
Fond to embrace the Brother and the Friend.
Rouz'd at Thy Name, the Vet'ran rais'd his Head,
New Hopes reviving, to new Conqueſts led.

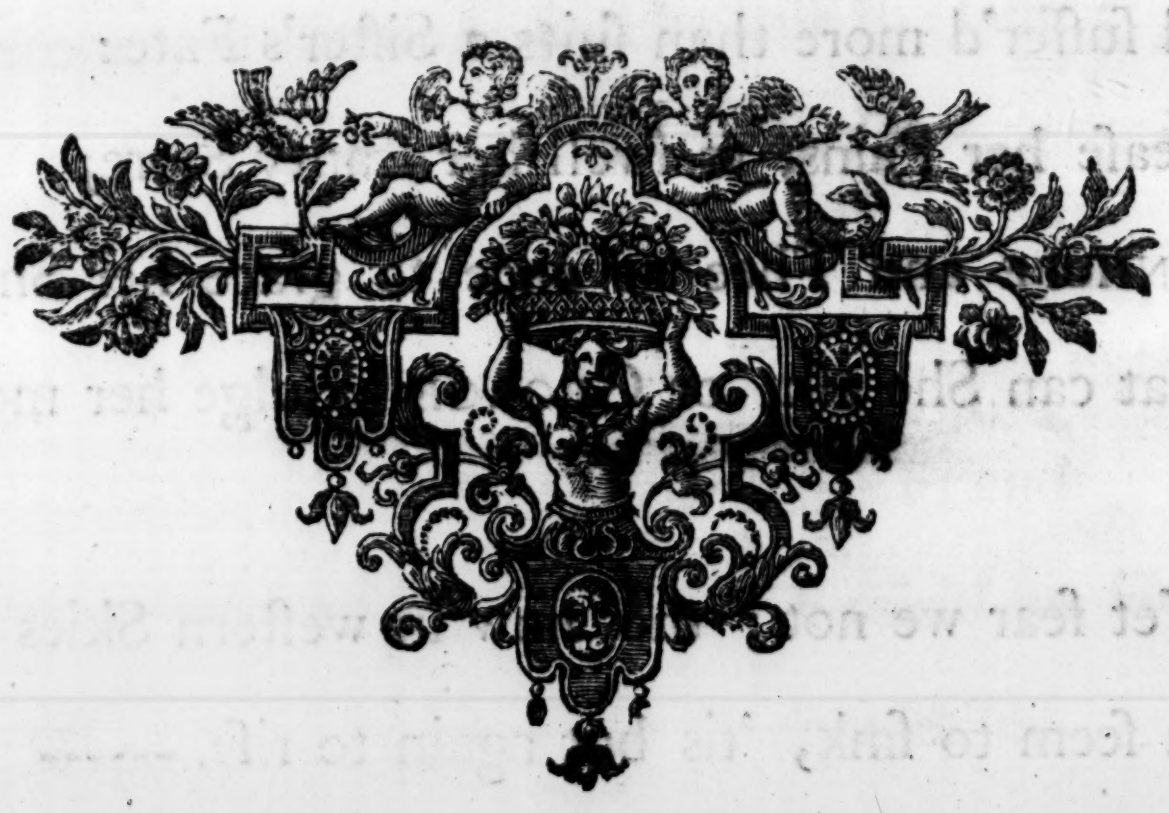
To

To win Thy Praiſe, again Ambition fires; ------
And Thy own Spirit ev'ry Breaſt inſpires.
Oh! might the Soldier be your deſtin'd Care;
Might You aſſiſt, whilſt WILLIAM leads the War:
No more, foul Triumph to the Rebel-Foe!
Would *Engliſh* Valour ſleep in *Scotia*'s Snow;
Nor unreveng'd ſo long, had GARDNER's Shade------
Mourn'd *Preſton*'s Debt, at *Falkirk* ill-repaid.
Britain once more her laurell'd Sons ſhould ſee,
Sons fit to be enroll'd by Fame and Thee.

But now awhile *Hibernia*'s happy Land
Shall feel, ſhall bleſs thy uncorrupted Hand.
Long has our Siſter-Iſle dejected fate,
And ſuffer'd more than ſuits a Siſter's Fate:
To eaſe her Pains, to ſwell her ſcanty Store,
STANHOPE and Thee at once to grace her Shore!
What can She aſk, or GEORGE indulge her more?

Yet fear we not; tho' now in weſtern Skies
You ſeem to ſink, 'tis but again to riſe. ------

When

When in thoſe Strains, which wond'ring Senates hear,
You win with ſacred Truth the Royal Ear;
And ſtand e'er long a Fav'rite near the Throne
(For to be favour'd, is but to be known.)
Then *Britiſh* Annals ſhall new Wonders trace,
Wide Pow'r unenvy'd, and Domeſtic Peace;
Charm'd into Reſt, loud Factions ſhall agree;
Nor fear a Miniſter, when PITT is He.

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